Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Just after a ball at the Sutherland man-mion Agatha Webb and her servant are found dead, and Philemon Webb, Agatha's husband who for years has been growing demented, is discovered usleep at the dia-ner table. A trace of blood on his sleeve Indicates him as the murderer. Miss Page, the alece of Sutherlan Ts house-Reeper, persists in remaining about the Webb premises, and discovers blood on the grass. The money drawer is found to be etopty, and robbery is added to the mystery. Frederick Sutherland, a wayward youth, calls his father to witness his determination to be a better man, and promises not to marry Miss Page, by whom he has been fascinated. Miss Page tells Frederick that she followed him the night of the murder, and knew where he had secreted a thousand dollars. She gives him a week to decide whether to marry her or be pro-cisimed as the murderer of Agatha Webb. It is learned that the money was in new ills, and the keeper of a small store proone that a strange man gave bim late the night of the murder for a loaf of brend. A detective arrives from Boston and reports. "Simple case, Murdered for mon-Find the man with the flowing heard," Suspicion falls upon one of the Zabel brothers. Frederick visits the hollow tree. The money is gone. Wattles, a Boston gambler, rives and demands \$350 of Frederick in payment of a gambling debt. Frederick sefather. The Zabel brothers are found dead of starvation, one of them clutching the loaf of bread, the other a blood-stained knife. The Boston detective declares the mystery vel, but young Sweetwater astonishes the empany by a new chain of evidence point-This time Amatel Page is suscted. Sweetwiter finds the money where he has seen Miss Page hide it. Miss Page and tells what she saw the night of the murder. Frederick overhears the talking and joins the group, and Miss Page tells just enough so that a later confession will On the following day occurs the meral of Agatha Webb, and late that night Mr. Sutherland discovers Frederick weeping over her grave. On the way home he earns of the death of Philemon, Agatha's husband. Sweetwater suspects and follows Sutherland. Frederick places a package of old letters into Agnes Halfiday's hands and his father seeks an explanation. Agatha Webb's will is opened, and by its terms Mr. atherland is made executor and Frederick sale helr of a \$100,000 estate. Sweetwater wearned Mr. Sutherland once saved his life ectwater is unwilling to give evidence. In order to keep his secret he plans to leave ome, and, in suspicious haste, pretending to be in search of an important witness, beards an outgoing steamer bound for Brazil. He is thrown overloard that night and picked up at dawn by a fishing crew, which akes him to New Bedford. Food and clothing are given him and be earns \$5 by de-livering a suspicious box, barely escaping recognition by his village postmaster.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

*What are you trying to do? Why do you fall over a man like that? Are you

anght sight of Sweetwater's eye, which was his one remarkable feature, and he had also been impressed by that word

pushing on when the gentleman again de-tained him. "I hope I won't forget that word," he

as to that," said Sweetwater, edging slawly down the street. I'm always ready for business. Five dollars won't last for-ever, and, besides, I'm in need of new Well, rather," retorted the other care-

sly following him. "Do you mind going to Roston"

"No." said Sweetwater, hesitatingly, "not if it's made worth my while. Do you want

your message delivered today?"
"At once. That is, this evening. It's a

"At once. That is, this evening. It's a task involving patience and more or less shrewd judgment. Have you these quali-ties, my friend? One would not judge it from your clothes."
"I don't know, sir," laughed Sweetwater. Life was growing very interesting all at once. "I know it takes patience to wear them, and as for judgment, I didn't choose them, sir, they fell to me promisenous like as a sort of legacy from friends. You'll see

what I'll do in that way if you give me the chance to earn an extra ten."
"Ah, it's \$10 you want. Well, come in here and have a drink and then we'll see." They were before a saloon house of less than humble pretensions, and as he follow-ed the young gentleman in it struck him that it was himself rather than his well-

dressed and airy companion who would be expected to drink here. But he made no re-

mark, though he intended to surprise the man by his temperance.

"Now, look here," said the young gentleman, suddenly seating himself at a dingy fable in a very binck corner and motioning Sweetwater to do the same. "I've been looking for a man all day to go up to lost on for me, and I think you'll do. You know Bestern?"

Sweetwater had great command over him-Sweetwater had great command over him-self, but he flushed slightly at this pression, though it was so dark where he sat with this man that it made very little difference. "I've been there," said he. "Very well, then, you will go again. To-night you will arrive there about 7: you will go the rounds of some half dozen places where a pression of the property of the pro-

of his late experience. "No, this slip, on which three words are written. He will want one more word, but before you give it to him you must ask for your \$10. You'll get them," he answered in response to a glance of suspicion from Sweetwater Sweetwater was convinced that he had got hold of another by. It made him a little serious. Do I look like a go-between for crooks? he asked himself. I'm afraid I'm not so much of a success as I thought myself. But he said to the man before him: "Ten dollars is small pay for such business. Twenty-five would be pour such business. Twenty-five would be pour

such business. Twenty-five would be near-

got that \$10 was but little in advance of prejudiced minds defied criticism. Of por-"Twenty-five if I find him and he is in

going to Boston, where he was liable to

ters and doorkeepers he was not afraid, and it was these he must first encounter. At the first club house he succeeded easily "Nothing."
"Nothing."
"Streept your ticket; that I'll give you."
Sweetwater did not know what to say.
Like the preceding job, it might be innocent and it might not. And then he did not like going to Boston, where he was liable to

going to Boston, where he was liable to meet more than one who knew him "There's no harm in the business," said the other carelessly, pushing a glass of whisky which had just been served him toward Sweetwater. "I would even be willing to do it myself, if I could leave New Bedford tonight; but I can't. Come: It's as easy as crocking your elbow,"

"Just now you said it wasn't," growled was Wattles, Capt. Wattles, a marked man, evidently, even in this exclusive and aristocratic club.

Armed with this new knowledge, he made his way to the second building of the kind and boldly demanded speech with Capt. Wattles, a marked man, evidently, even in this exclusive and aristocratic club.

Armed with this new knowledge, he made his way to the second building of the kind and boldly demanded speech with Capt. Wattles, Capt. Wattles, a marked man, evidently, even in this exclusive and aristocratic club.

Armed with this new knowledge, he made his way to the second building of the kind and boldly demanded speech with Capt. Wattles, Capt. Wa

followed his first failure in doing this were not very encouraging to the man behind, nor was the kick which he gave the door after the second more successful attempt calculated to act in a very reassuring way upon any one whose future emolument for doubtful task rested upon this man's

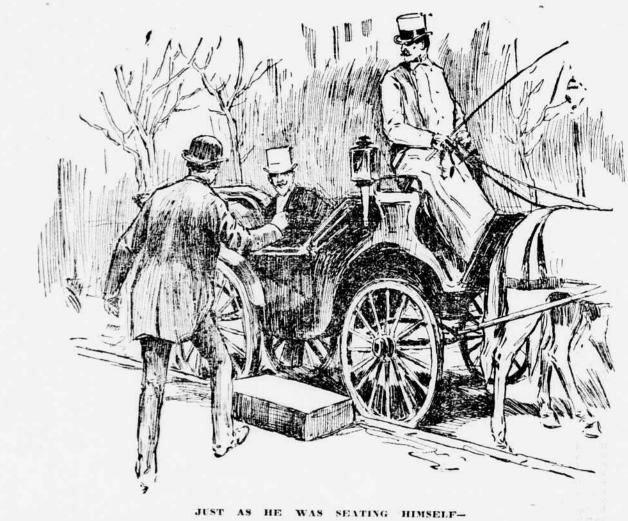
good nature.

The darkness which met them both on the threshold of this now open room was speedily relieved by a burst of electric light that flooded the whole apartment and brought out the captain's swaggering form and threatening features with startling distinctness. He had thrown off his hat and was relieving himself of a cloak in a furious way that caused Sweetwater to shrink back and as the French say efface himself. back, and, as the French say, efface himself as much as possible behind a clothestree standing near the door. That the captain had entirely forgotten him was evident, and for the present moment that gentleman was too angry to care or even notice if a decomposition of the door. dozen men stood at the door. As he was talking all this time or rather jerking out rather sharp sentences, as men do when in a towering rage. Sweetwater was rather glad to be left unnoticed, for much can be gathered from scattered sentences, especialby when a man is in too reckless a frame of mind to weigh them. He, therefore, made but little movement and listened; and these are some of the ejaculations and serous of talk he heard:

these are some of the ejaculations and scraps of talk he heard;
"The old purse-proud fool! Honored by my friendship, but not ready to accept me as his daughter's suitor! As if I would lounge away hours that mean dollars to me in his stiff old drawing room, just to hear his everlasting drone about stocks up and stocks down, and politics gone all wrong. He has heard that I play cards, and—How pretty she looked! I believe I half like that girl, and when I think she has a million in her own right—D— it, if I cannot win her openly and with papa's connot win her openly and with papa's con-sent, I will carry her off with only her own. She's worth the effort, doubly worth t, and when I have her and her money-eh! Who are you?"

He had seen Sweetwater at last, which was not strange, seeing that he had turned his way and was within two feet of him.
"What are you doing here, and who let you in? Get out, or—"

"A message, Capt. Wattles! A message



the other, drinking off his glass. "But no matter about that, go ahead: I'll do it. Shall I have to buy other clothes?"

two gentlemen came in, one of whom said to the other in passing:
"Sick, do you say? I thought Wattles II was curious to see the manage clowly

in evidence, you know."

Sweetwater agreed with him, To attract attention was what he most dreaded. "When does the train start?" he asked.

The young man told him.
"Well, that will give me time to buy what I want. Now, what are your instructions?"

The young man gave him a memorandum containing four address that a Swe involer drew nimself up, made a green with the property of the man who was not in a hurry seemed disposed to keep him for a moment. He had capent sight of Swedingtre's containing four addresses. "You will find him at one of these places," said he. "And him at one of these places has been fairt, and wears his left hand in a sling, but he can play cards, and will be found playing eards, and in very good com-pany, too. You will have to use your dis-eretion in approaching him. When once he sees this bit of paper, all will be easy. He knows what these two words mean well "A messenger eh? Are you going on a enough and the third one the one that is worth \$25 to you is Frederick."

Sweetwater, who had drunk half his Sweetwater, who had drunk half his glass, started so at this word, which was always humming in his brain, that he knocked over his tumbler and spilled what

aned him.
"Do you know?" said he, "that I like our looks. You are not a heauty, but you ok like a fellow who, if he promised to a thing, would do it, and do it mighty of a thirg, would do it, and do it mighty cell, too.

Sweetwater could not restrain a certain

Sweetwater laughed, said he thought he t of pride. He was honest, and could trust his memory, and rose, it, but the fact had not always half hour he was at the depot, and in

he knew it, but the fact had not always been recognized as openly.

I have just earned \$5\$ by doing a commission for a man," said he, with a straightforward look. "See, sir. It was honestic earned."

The man, who was young and had a rather dashing but inscrutable physiognomy, glanced at the coin Sweetwater showed him and betrayed a certain disappointment. "So you're flush," said he. "Don't want another joh?"

The recognized as openly.

He had had but one anxiety—that Mr. Stone might be going up to Boston, too. But, once relieved of this apprehension, he settled back, and for the first time in twelve hours had a minute in which to ask himself who he was, and what he was about. Adventure had followed so fast upon adventure that he was in a more or less dazed condition, and felt as little capable of connecting event with event as if he had been asked to recall the changir pictures of a kalcidoscope. That affair of the packet, now, was it or was it not serious, and would he ever know what it meant or how it turned out?

Like a child who had been given a pebble and told to throw it over the wall, he had thrown and run, giving a shout of warning, it is true, but not knowing, nor ever likely to know, where the stone had fallen, or what it was meant to do. Then this new commission on which he was bent
—was it in any way connected with the
other, or merely the odd result of his being in the right place at the right moment? He was inclined to think the latter. And yet how odd it was that one doubtful errand should be followed by another, in a town no larger than New Bedford, forcing him from scene to scene, till he found himself speeding toward the city he least sired to enter, and from which he had the

But brooding over a case like this brings small comfort. He felt that he had been juggled with, but he neither knew by whose hand nor in what cause. If the hand was that of providence, why, he had only to go on following the beck of the moment, while if it was that of fate, the very uselessness of struggling with it was apparent at once. Poor reasoning, perhaps, but no other offered, and satisfied that whatever came, his intentions were above question, he settled himself at last for a nap, of which he certainly stood in good need. When he awoke he was in Boston.

The first thing he did was to show his list

of addresses and inquire into what quarter they would lead him. To his surprise, he found it to be the fashionable quarter. Two of them were names of well-known club ouses, a third that of a first-class restau-ant and the fourth that of a private house a Commonwealth avenue. Heigho! and he

was dressed like a tramp, or nearly so!

"Queer messenger, I, for such kind of work," thought he. "I wonder why he lighted on such a rough-looking customer. He must have had his reasons. I wonder if he wished the errand to fall. He bore himself was the such a rough-looking customer. ne wished the errand to fail. He bore film-self very nonchalantly at the depot. When I last saw him his face and attitude were I last saw him his face and attitude were those of a totally unconcerned man. Have I been sent on a fool's chase, after all?"
The absurdity of this conclusion struck him, however, as he reasoned. "Why, then, should he have paid my fare? Not as a benefit to me, of course, but for his own ends, whatever they might be. Let us see, then what those only are So your for the then, what those ends are. So now for the gentleman of the red hair who plays cards with one arm in a sling." He thought that he might get entrance

nto the club houses easily enough. He pos-sessed a certain amount of insinuation when necessity required, and, if hard-fea-

That was all; the door here swung to be-ween them. Sweetwater had received his he, but what a clue. Haberstow's? Where Thinking the bold course the best one, he

re-entered the restaurant and approached the gentlemen he had just seen enter. "I heard you speak the name of Captain Wattles," said he. "I am hunting for Cap tain Wattles. Can you tell me where he

He soon saw that he had struck the wrong man for information. They not only refused to answer him, but treated him with open disdain. Unwilling to lose time, ne left them, and having no other resource, hastened to the last place mentioned on

It was now late, too late to enter a private house under ordinary circumstances, but this house was lighted up, and a car-riage stood in front of it; so he had the ourage to run up the steps and consulthe large door-plate visible from the side

Haberstow.

Fortune had favored him better than he

He hesitated a moment, then decided to ring the bell. But before he had done so the door opened and two gentlemen apeared, one seeing the other out. The one who was leaving had his arm in a sling, and bore himself with a fierceness that made his appearance somewhat alarming; the other was older and in the momentary glance Sweetwater obtained of him seemed o be in an irate state of mind.
"No apologies!" the former was saying.

'I don't mind the night air; I'm not so il as that. When I'm myself again we'll have a little more talk. My compliments to your laughter, sir. I wish you a very good evening, or rather night."

The old gentleman bowed, and as he did

so Sweetwater caught a glimpse, it was the shortest glimpse in the world, of a sweet ace beaming from a doorway far down the hall. There was pain in it and a yearning anxiety that made it very beautiful; then it vanished, and the old gentleman. uttering some few sarcastic words, closed the door, and Sweetwater found himself alone and in darkness

The kaleidoscope had been given another Dashing down the stoop, he came upor

bushing down the stoop, he came upon the gentleman who had preceded him just as he was seating himself in the carriage. "Pardon me," he gasped, as the driver caught up the reins; "you have forgotten caught up the reins; "you have forgotten westless." something." Then, as Captain Wattles looked hastily out, "You have forgotten

The oath that rang out from underneath that twitching red mustache was something to startle even him. But he clung to the carriage window and presently managed to say.
"A message, sir, from New Bedford. I

have been on the hunt for you for two hours. It won't keep, sir; not more than a half hour longer. Where shall I find you during that time?" during that time?
Captain Wattles, on whom the name New
Bedford seemed to have made some impression, pointed up at the coachman's box

with a growl, in which command mingled strangely with menace. Then he three himself back. Evidently the captain was not in very good humor. Sweetwater taking this as an order to

seat himself beside the driver, did so and the carriage drove off. It went at a rapid pace, and before he had time to propound more than a question or two to the coach-man, he stopped before a large apartment ouse in a brilliantly lighted street Captain Watties got out, and Sweetwater ollowed him. The former, who seemed to

followed him. The former, who seemed to have forgotten Sweetwater, walked past and entered the building with a stride and swing that made the plain, lean, insignificant-looking messenger behind him feel smaller than ever. Indeed, he had never felt so small, for not only was the captain a man of the finest proportions and bearing, but he possessed, in spite of his flery ing, but he possessed, in spite of his fiery hair and fierce mustache, that beaute de diable which is at once threatening and imposing. Added to this, he was angry and so absorbed in his own thoughts that he would be very apt to visit punishment of no light character upon any one who interfered with him. A pleasing prospect for Sweetwater, who, however, kept on with the dogged determination of his character up the first flight of stairs and then with the dogsed determination of his char-acter up the first flight of stairs and then up another till they stopped, Captain Wat-tles first and then his humble follower, be-"Very well, he will give you \$25. I ferwhen necessity required, and, if hard-featured, had a good expression, which in unendeavored to fit a key. The oaths which

"New Bedford! Ah, from Campbell, I suppose. Let me see!" And the hand which had shook with rage now trembled rent terms, or else "ovens" in the cemetery with what seemed a very different sort of emotion as he took the slip, cast his eye over it and then looked back at Sweetwater Now, Sweetwater knew the two words written on that paper. He could see out of the back of his head at times, and he and been able to make out these when the man in New Bedford was writing

"Happening, Afghanistan," with the fignappening, Arganissan, with the ag-ures 2,000 after the latter.

Not much sense in them singly or in con-junction, but the captain, muttering them over to himself, consulted a little book which he took from his breast pocket and found, or seemed to, a clue to their mean-ing. It could only have been a partial one nowever, for in another instant he turned Sweetwater with a sour look and a hundering oath.

"Is this all?" he shouted. "Does he call is a complete message?"
"There is another word," returned Sweetwater, "which he bade me give you by word of mouth; but that word don't go fo nothing. It's worth just \$25. I've earned it, sir. I came up from New Bedford on purpose to deliver it to you."

Sweetwater expected a blow, but he only got a stare. "Twenty-five dollars," muttered the captain. "Well, it's fortunate I have it. And who are you?" he asked. "Not one of Campbell's pickups, surely?"

"I am a confidential messenger," smiled Sweetwater, amused against his will at finding a name for himself. "I carry messages and execute commissions that require more or less discretion in the han-

dling. I am paid well. Twenty-five dollars is the price of this job." "So you have had the honor of informing me before," blustered the other, with an attempt to hide some serious emotion.
"Why, man, what do you fear? Don't you see I'm hurt? You could knock me over with a feather if you touched my game

"Twenty-five dollars," repeated Sweet-The captain grew angrier, "Dash it!

Aren't you going to have them? What's the But Sweetwater wasn't going to be caught by chaff.

"C. O. D.," he insisted firmly, standing his ground, though certain that the blow would now fail. But no, the captain laughed, and tugging away with his one free hand at his pocket he brought out a pocket book, from which he managed deftly enough to draw out three bills. "There," said he laying them on the table, but keeping one long, vigorous finger on them: "now the word." vigorous finger on them; "now, the word,"
Sweetwater laid his own hand on the

oills. "Frederick," said he. "Frederick," said he,
"Ah," said the other thoughtfully, lifting
his finger and proceeding to stride up and
down the room. "He's a stiff one. What
he says he will do. Two thousand dollars!
and soon, too, I warrant. Well, I'm in a
devil of a fix at last." He had again forthe presence of Sweetwater.

Suddenly he turned or rather stopped. His eye was on the messenger, but h not even see him. "One Frederick must offset the other," he cried. "It's the only loophole out," and he threw himself into a chair, from which he immediately sprang ap again with a yell. He had hurt his vounded arm. wounded arm.

Pandemonium reigned then for a minute; then his eye fell again on Sweetwater, who, under the fascination of the spectacle offered him, had only just succeeded in finding the keep of the special process.

the knob of the door. This time there was recognition in his look.

"Wait" he cried. "I may have use for you, too. Confidential messengers are hard to come by, and one that Campbell would employ. Sit down there! I'll talk to you when I'm ready."

Sweetwater was not slow in obeying this command. Business was booming with him. Besides, the name of Frederick acted like a charm upon him. There seemed to be so many Fredericks, and one of them lay in many Fredericks, and one of them lay in such a curious way near his heart.

Meanwhile the captain reseated himself, but more carefully. He had a plan or method of procedure to think out, or so it seemed, for he sat a long time in rigid immobility, with only the scowl of perplexity or ill-temper on his brow to show the nature of his thoughts. Then he drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to write a letter. He was so absorbed over this letbit paper toward min and began to letter. He was so absorbed over this letter and the manipulation of it, having but one hand to work with, that Sweetwater denote the control of the life. termined upon a hazardous stroke. The lit-tle book which the captain had consulted

and which had undoubtedly furnished him with a key to those two incongruous words lay on the floor not far from him, having been flung from its owner's hand during the moments of passion and suffering I have above mentioned. To reach this book with his foot, to draw it toward him, and finally, to get hold of it with his hand was not difficulty for one who asylved to be a great difficulty for one who asylved to be a not difficult for one who aspired to be a detective and had already done some good work in that direction. But it was harder to turn the leaves and find the words

harder to turn the leaves and find the words he sought without attracting the attention of his fierce companion. He, however, succeeded in doing this at last, the long list of words he found on every page being arranged alphabetically. It was a private code for telegraphic or cable messages, and he soon found that "happening" meart: Our little game discovered; play straight till I give you the wink. And that "Afghanistan" stood for: Hush money.

As the latter was followed by the figures I have mentioned, the purport of the message needed no explanation, but the word "Frederick" did. So he searched for that, only to find that it was not in the book.

only to find that it was not in the book. There was but one conclusion to draw. This name was perfectly well known between them, and was that of the person, no doubt, who laid claim to the \$2,000. Satisfied at holding this clue to the rid-dle, he dropped the book again at his side and skillfully kicked it far out into the

room. Capt. Wattles had seen nothing. He was a man who took in only one thing at a time.

a time.

Laboriously the penning of that letter went on. It took so long that Sweetwater dozed, or pretended to, and when it was at last done, the clock over the mantelpiece bed struck? had struck 2. "Halloo there, now!" suddenly shouted the captain, turning on the messenger. "Are you ready for another journey?"

"That depends," smiled Sweetwater, ris-ing sleepily and advancing. "Haven't got over the last one yet, and would rather sleep than start out again."
"Oh, you want pay? Well, you'll get that

fast enough if you succeed in your mission. This letter"—he shook it with an impatient hand—"should be worth \$2,500 to me. If you bring me back an answer promising that money or its equivalent within twenty-four hours, I will give you a clean hundred of it. Good enough pay, I take it, for five hours' journey. Better than sleep, eh? Besides you can sleep on

Sweetwater agreed with him in all these assertions. Putting on his cap, he reached for the letter. He didn't like being made an instrument for blackmail, but he was curious to see to whom he was about to be sent. But the captain had grown suddenly

"This is not a letter to be dropped in the mailbox," said he. "You brought me a line here whose prompt delivery has prevented me from making a fool of myself tonight. You must do as much with this one. It is to be carried to its destination by yourself. given to the person whose name you will find written on it, and the answer brought back before you sleep, mind you, unless you snatch a wink or so on the cars. That it is night need not disturb you. It will be daylight before you arrive at the place to which this is addressed, and if you cannot get into the house at so early an hour, whistle three times like this listen and whistle three times like this-listen-and some one of the windows will presently fly up. You have had no trouble getting at me; you'll have no trouble getting at him. When you return hunt me up just as you did tonight. Only you need not trouble yourself to look for me at Haberstow's." yourself to look for me at Haberstows, he added under his breath in a tone that was no doubt highly satisfactory to himself. "I shall not be there. And now, off with it! You've your \$100 to make before

daylight, and it's already after 2."

Sweetwater, who had stolen a glimpse at the superscription on the letter he held, stumbled as he went out of the door. It stumbled as he went out of the door. It was directed, as he had expected, to a Frederick, probably to the second one of whom Capt. Wattles had spoken, but not, as he had expected, to a stranger. The name on the letter was Frederick Sutherland and the place of his destination was Sutherlandtown. Sutherlandtown.

(To be continued.)

CEMETERIES IN CUBA. There is a Question as to Who Now

Controls Them. In most of the cities and towns of Cuba there is a contest pending over the control of the cemeteries. During the Spanish regime the burial places were managed and controlled by the authorities of the church. two gentlemen came in, one of whom said to the cher in passing:

"I'd buy a new pair of trousers," suggested the other. "The rest you can get in foston. You don't want to be too much in evidence, you know."

Sweetwater agreed with him. To attract Sweetwater agreed with him. To attract Sweetwater agreed with him. To attract stows."

The other in passing:

"Sick, do you say? I thought Wattles was made of fron."

"Sick, do you say? I thought Wattles was made of fron."

"So he was," returned the other, "before that accident to his arm. Now the least thing upsets him. He's down at Haber-stows with him to dome at first, the silp of paper which the latter resolutely held out.

"New Bedford! Ah from Campbell, I a burial in these consecrated grounds. Lieutenant colonel...... Plots of ground were assigned to such Chef de battalion principal adminis-



A Cuban Cemetery.

walls, capable of containing a corpse, were assigned upon an annual rental fee. If the rent was not paid within five days of the expiration of any year the corpse was dragged out and the remains, bones and ishes, thrown upon the "bone pile." In the cemetery at Havana when the

Americans took possession of the city the dump pile contained literally millions of bones, and thousands of whitened skulls. The American authorities have ordered these horrible stacks of bones buried, and this particular "sight" can no longer be seen in the island. Paupers have been buried with the slightest of earth covering. Some of the cemeteries are distinguished ev beautiful tombs and pieces of m



by the richer families of the communities. Under the new order of affairs the city governments are claiming the cemeteries as municipal property and the church authorities are tenaciously pressing their title to them as the property of the church. In Clenfuegos the commanding general has allowed the city authorities to take charge of the cemetery and reform the past abuses. General Brooke, governor of the island, has notified both parties to the controversy— the church on the one hand and the city governments on the other—to submit their claims and proof in each case, and the decision will then be finally rendered as to which is the owner of the cemeteries and

They All Said Grace. From the San Francisco Argonaut.

The elder Sothern once saw a notice in a country inn that a convention of clergymen was to meet there the next day. Each clergyman upon arrival received a note, signed with the landlord's name, requesting him to say grace at dinner, the signal to be a bell rung in the office. Sothern had noticed that the landlord sounded a bell every day as the guests seated themselves for dinner. Everything went off to Sothern's complete satisfaction.

The bell rang and up rose every clergy

man and began grace, then stopped, looking askance at the others. Some began again, some sat down and got up again. The scene for some minutes was one of confused bobbing up and down, with mutterings. The landlord stared in astonishnent, and Sothern put on a look of polite anxiety and surprise. He left the inn that day.

All Serene. From the Philadelphia North American,

Belle-"But don't you think she was a lit tle indiscreet in allowing him to kiss her?" Dolly-'Oh, no; she had looked up his financial standing that afternoon."

Small Salaries.

A FREQUENT CAUSE OF TROUBLE

Compelled to Resort to All Sorts of Economies.

RICH WIVES A NECESSITY

PARIS, May 2, 1899.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

Before the Dreyfus imbroglio is cleared up the world will hear some painful and sensational news based on the under payment of French army officers. The salaries of the famous personages of this famous scandal will be acknowledged to have been altogether out of proportion to their high positions. Colonel Henry-who lived on his pay-received \$4.50 a day; the salary of Paty De Clam was \$3.60 a day; Dreyfus, as captain, had \$1.75 a day, and Esterhazy, as cemmandant, drew \$3 a day, this at the time when, his family having cut off his allowance, he is accused of having lived a life of gayety and expense. "I am accused of having given up 225 documents," he says, "and having received 208,000 francs. It is a great deal of money. Now, the truth is that at that moment, in 1894, I occupied at Rouen a modest apartment, at \$16 a month. My sumptuous equipages were composed of just one condemned mare, bought from the Urbaine Cab Company for \$19. I had no mistress, as I only knew Mile. Pays in 1805. And do they want to say that she ruined me? The poor girl lived in an humle apartment renting at \$16 a month, and did without a servant to economize."

Are Usually Poor Men.

It is a general illusion even among Frenchmen that most French army officers have private fortunes of their own, and that the salary represents their coffee and cigars. The truth is, outside of the cavalry, the mass of French officers are poor. The school of Saint Cyr has been for twenty The school of Saint Cyr has been for twenty years the temptation of young men desiring to rise socially; and the republic has encouraged the democracy to yield to it without providing means for the young democrat, become aristocrat, to live. A sub-lieutenant—a fine fellow, handsome, alert, well educated, and a general favorite because of because of his disposition—who acknowledges that he is seeking desperately a rich wife, has shown me what ought to be the monthly statement of his expenses: Cafe and theater Monthly average for clothing. Ordonnance, laundry, light and heat...

Small incidentals, garrison club dues (obligatory) and library dues (obligatory)..... Monthly total.....

Lives Beyond His Means. The thing began with his tailor. In the last three years he has not paid for his uniforms, because the tailor is perfectly willing to wait and charge up 5 per cent a year interest. Pocket money was supplied to him, at first, by the same tailor. He has

since found it more agreeable to deal with the money lenders who haunt the garrison towns. When the young lieutenant marries he will wipe the slate off and begin again.

Here are the daily wages of the French

army officers: General of division......\$10.50 3 (30) trative officer, etc. 3.60 Captain (twelve years' grade) 2.80 Captain (eight years' grade)..... 1.50 Lieutenant, second class..... Sub-Reutenant 1.30 | dicular scale.

How is a colonel to keep up his position on \$4.50 a day? Yet some of them do it. The colonel is the most important personage in the provincial town where he is stationed and is supposed to have duties of hospitality. A rich manufacturer of of hospitality. A rich manufacturer of Lille, dining with a colonel to his own so-cial triumph, ventured to ask the salary of

"Twenty-two francs sixty a day," replied "Just heaven!" cried the manufacturer, "I pay more than that to my foremen!" For the captain his \$1.70 to \$2.30 a day is misery. It is true that French officers, lik others, enjoy advantages in the way of fre domestic service, and the system of the mess supplies them with cheap food. But the ministerial restriction in restraint of marriage indicates how closely the pay of each officer is calculated to answer only

to his own bare personal necessity. Must Marry Rich if at All.

No officer is permitted to marry a girl having less than 1,200 francs a year in her

A captain with \$50 a month, therefore, marries the girl of his heart, whose parents have been able to scrape together for her a dot of \$8,000, yielding, at 3 per cent interest, \$20 a month. The combined budget is \$80 a month, with both husband and wife forbidden to do any kind of outside work to augment it. They begin immediately to eat up the principal. The state, it is true, does something for the children of officers without fortune. Boys are educated and supported at the Prytanee of La Fleche, and girls in the maisons d'education of the Legion of Honor. Only the schools of the Legion of Honor refuse to take more than Legion of Honor refuse to take more one child from each legionary, however many little girls he may have to bring up. Then after a life spent in privations, the many fittle girls he may have to oring up. Then, after a life spent in privations, the poor officer is shelved upon his half pay. Esterhazy, writing after his mise en reforme, in 1897, drew a sad picture of his position: "I am at the end of my resources, the position of correlate my living what am I Incapable of earning my living, what am I to do? I am fifty years old, and I do not know how to do anything. Here I am reduced to living on my haif pay. Now can I, no matter what I do, arrive at earning that which I absolutely need?"

The Secret Service Fund. A Hungarian cavalry officer of my ac-

quaintance, who comes now and again to Paris to amuse himself, has just been saying to me: "Be sure that the great Dreyfus secret settles around nothing nobler than the misapplication of certain government moneys. In my country, as in all the others, officers make debts. They cannot help it. When a captain or a colonel or a general finds his debts are weighing on him intolerably he goes to the emperor. 'My emperor,' he says, 'I am about to be disgraced. Unless I find the means to pay these debts I must shoot myself.' Franz Josef, who has a great private fortune, writes him out a check. French officer. writes him out a check. French officers unhapply, have no Franz Josef to relieve them. The private fortune of the emperor, for those near enough to get at it, has been in France the secret service fund Each year a fortune of 1,000,000 francs is handed out in darkness, from person to person, uncontrolled and unreceipted. On one occasion General Billot had diminished the

allowance of the service de renseignements by 8,000 francs a month. Lieutenant Colonel Picquart's chief told him to draw up a memoire asking for an extra 100,300 francs. The memorial was presented to the council of ministers and allowed; but when it to drawing the cash General Billot held back 80,000 francs of it, which he "reserved for his own disposition." Clemenceau speaking of these matters with forced dis oretion in the Aurore, says simply: "I know that Billot will say that he owed an ac count of these secret funds only to Felix Faure. Felix Faure is at Pere Lachaise. Admire the auditing!" Another ray of light is thrown when Henry asked for 1,200 france to give to an unknown agent had lost money at cards. "He will pay it

back," said Henry. "But we hever saw the payment," adds Lieutenant Colonel Picquart.

A Piece of Wisdom.

It is the theory that the officer ought to be poor. "The soldier who ceases to be poor," wrote General Trochu, "is reduced to the fearful alternative either to spend in a demoralizing disorder a surplus which he does not need, because the state provides for him liberally, or else to heap up sayings which increase with time, a preoccupation that chortly takes full possession of
him and makes him a conservative soldier—
I mean conservative of his person in the
midst of the dangers and trials of war."
An anusing commentary on this sizes of midst of the dangers and trials of war.

An amusing commentary on this piece of
wisdom is the recruiting of the cavalry,
supposed to be the most darhing and courageous arm. At Saint Cyr it is notorious
that the possession or lack of fortune decides the candidate to choose the cavalry
or the infantry. The cavalry makes it a
point of honor to recruit rich young men
and dazzle the officers of the foot troops by
their magnificence.

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In the good old days of war the poor officer could look forward to increasing his income in the sacking of towns and the demanding of ransoms. A younger son of the Comte d'Uzes came to camp in the time of Louis XV "with two horses only, one for himself and one for his valet. He had neither tent nor bed nor blankets. He slept in his clothes in the tent of a fleutenant, and his comrades made it their pleasure to feed him, without which he would ant, and his comrades made it their pleas-ure to feed him, without which he would have been reduced to the food of the com-mon soldlers." This did not prevent his coming out of the campaign in a state of prosperity. The officers of the great Napoleon were devoted to him, because he made their fortunes for them. Their mere sala-ries were no greater than at the present time. Today the recompense of the French officer is "honor, consideration and respect," and his one chance to get along is a rich marriage

A Military Marriage. I have just had opportunity to see one of

these beaux marriages militaires at their best. The captain is a joli garcon thirtyseven years old, who, thanks to frugal living and high thinking, has preserved the purity of his waist line almost intact. The young wife, the daughter of one of the richest grocers of Paris, is nineteen years old, bright, pretty and gay, and so happy old, bright, pretty and gay, and so happy in her new sphere that she bubbles over. If she were an American her father would be called a "pork packer." for it is true that he manufactures and sells sausages among a great variety of other products. Well, the impecunious captain's younger sister kept her eyes open in the aristocratic convent school, in which she picked up the grocer's daughter for a chum. In vacation time she gave her tastes of the superior social life of army circles, and before the girl was out of school she had proposed her brother. The grocer's daughter was debrother. The grocer's daughter was de-lighted, and so were her parents. They en-thusiastically agreed to a dot of \$100,000. Thanks to her schooling and her friend-"It is an ideal marriage," she says, "It is an ideal marriage," she says, "because it has opened to me a beautiful and brilliant life among the nicest kind of people, where there is always something happening and no day is dull." And the captain says: "It is an ideal marriage, because I can now afford to buy my civilian clothes of Cavanagh, play the races and keep as many dogs and horses as I please," STERLANG HEHAG.

Clocks of Bygone Days. From the New York Herald.

In the town of Schramberg, in the Black Forest district of Wurtemberg, Germany, where one of the chief industries is that of His expenses cannot be reduced below \$42 a month; his pay is \$39.60 a month. In this way there is a monthly deficit of \$2.40; and, as the deficit cannot be helped, he sees no reason why it should not be raised to a more respectable figure. many centuries. Among the curiosities are many of great

> historical value. There is an alarm clock constructed in the year 1680 for the use of travelers. In form it resembles a lantern, and the interior is designed to hold a lighted candle. The candle is slowly pushed upward by a

> spring, which also controls the mechanism of the clock. A little pair of shears clips the wick of the candle automatically every minute to regulate its light. The lantern is inclosed with movable sides, so that the ence of light.
>
> The alarm is set by inserting a peg in the second dial plate. When the required hour arrives the alarm is sounded, and at the same time the movable slides fall, flooding

the room with light.

3.00 Among the curiosities is a Japanese saw clock. The clock itself produces the motiva power by descending a saw-formed strip of metal, the teeth of which operate the wheel of the cleckwork. In another Japanesa clock the hand is attached to a weight, which sinks once in twenty-four hours. The time is indicated by a hand on the perpension

Philippine Music.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel. Philippine music is becoming popular, Returning voyagers to the far distant islands have introduced it here. Like the Hawalian, it is distinctive, and characteristic of the national life of the people. though without doubt an adaptation of the sweet and melancholy music of the Spaniards. Flute, violin and harp are the favorte instruments, as in the Italian, but it is not like the animated music of Italy. The liveliest strains of the Filipinos are pathetic and melancholy in tone. So, too, are the titles of most of their musical community tions, as, for instance, "Los Dias Ultimus del Verano" ("The Last Days of Summer"), "The Wail of a Lost Soul," "The Approach

of Autumn."
The harp twangs softly, the violin bow is own right, principal and interest calculated at 3 per cent. A mere allowance from her parents is not sufficient.

Wall of a line, which music speaks as eloquently to the foreigner as to the native. The Approach of Autumn them plaintive and sad that you can almost hear the rustle of the forest leaves, or the sigh-ing of autumn zephyrs through the pine

Church music, too, is of the same plain-tive character, all pitched in a minor key,

THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE. The doctor made a mistake in the number and called at the wrong house. No woman calls a doctor after she is once acquainted with the remedial value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in all diseases and drains common to the sex. Without humiliating questions or local examinations the plished by the " Favorite

Prescription" supmedical advice if needed. This medicine is harmless in any condition of the system and can be taken without the slightest fear of bad consequences. It contains no whisky or alcohol. There is not an iota of anything narcotic in it. The relief it gives is permanent. In this it differs from many preparations which give temporary relief only by deadening the sense of feeling with narcotics, and the dangerous stimulants they contain create an appetite for strong drink. When a dealer offers a substitute for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, remember these facts.

When their diseases are deep-seated and of long standing, women will find it to their interest to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., who has had wonderful success in curing diseases of women. He gives advice free, and invites all to write him. Prompt, careful and personal attention is paid to each letter, and the fullest advice is always given.

"After ave months of great suffering I write als for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction," says Mrs. H. A. Alsbrook, of Austin, Lonoke Co., Ark. "I doctored with our Austin, Lonoke Co., Ark. "I doctored with our family physician without any good results, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"